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READERS DONATE \$ TO SOMALI FUND (See "Letter to Vince" inside!)

On the Nature Boy's anticipated return to WCW: "Ric Flair, what are you going to do when Too Boring Eric Wattsio runs wild over youuuuuuu?!" (More deep thoughts while shaving, from Steven Meyers)

(SNS -- Sushi News Service)

ENCINO, CA -- Millionaire pop singer Michael Jackson (who drew international attention several years ago when he unsuccessfully attempted to purchase the mummified remains of the world famous "Elephant Man") was at it again last week, this time trying to buy the head of deceased wrestler Andre the Giant.

To his credit, Vince McMahon, who still owns the merchandising rights to Andre, rejected Jackson's \$1-million offer, telling news media "Andre's one hundred-and-ten-gallon-hat-sized head is not for sale!"

McMahon also told reporters that singer Michael Jackson was not the only famous celebrity who wanted to purchase Andre's head.

According to McMahon, Papa Shango asked if he could buy it, claiming he needs a "bigger" smoking-skull to carry when he walks to the ring. Midget wrestler Sky Low Low made an offer, too. He wants to wear Andre's head over his own head...and change his name to "Andre Low Low." Brutus Beefcake, who once again will be needing a "new look" (after the brutal WRESTLEMANIA IX angles play out), also expressed interest.

McMahon added, "And when the switchboard operator told me that an excited Big Van Vader was on the phone, mumbling something about ears shooting steam and eyes with Japanese laser-light shows coming out of them, I knew what he was thinking...and I told her to hang up!"

"No," said McMahon, "The dearly departed 'Eighth Wonder of the World' deserves more respect for his 28 years as a wrestling legend. That's why I've promised to lend Andre's head to a group who plans to use it as part of their culturally authentic, ethnically tasteful, and anthropologically dignified tag-team ring entrances--the Samoan 'Head Shrinkers'!"

FRENCH ALPS, EUROPE -- Regarding the problem reported in the 2/8 Observer about Andre the Giant's body being too large for normal French cremation procedures ("Heez too beeg for our ovenz!"), as well as the problem regarding air shipment to the U.S.A ("Heez also too beeg for our air mail containerz!"), and for reasons which may become clear, the WWF flew "Hacksaw" Jim Duggan to France to solve the problem and bring Andre home. According to WWF publicist Steve Planamenta, "Jim Duggan didn't get his nickname from knitting doilies, you know!"

Like many of you, (I'm sure), when I got the 2/15 Observer and saw the story about all the big changes at WCW, I thought Dave Meltzer had finally lost all his marbles (at last!), and that he was publishing his annual "April Fools" issue a month and a half early. You know, the issue where he says Ric Flair has a "twin brother," or Vince McMahon has sold Titan to Ringling Bros., or Lord Littlebrook was named Executive V.P. of WCW with Sneezy, Doc, and M.L. Curly being named co-bookers! Hilarious stuff like that, which (because it's from a usually serious Dave Meltzer) makes the terlet water stuff from Sushiland p-a-l-e in comparison...and makes us, Jubie Jay, Riki-Jack, and me, Jeff Mullins, turn green with envy!

As each paragraph of Dave's 2/15 WCW story unfolded, revealing information that was more incredulous than the paragraph before it--sort of like what happens in some of the

② stories that appear in this sheet--I kept dropping my jaw and snorting in disbelief with each new revelation, while at the same time I kept waiting for Dave to go, "HA-HA-HA! April Fools! This is all a big joke! Sharon ("The Hot Love Babe from Jeff Zinger's Copywrite from Hell!") Sidello is not really going to be incharge of PPV's as part of a three person executive troika! The booking committee isn't really going to contain more people on it than the attendance at some of the better house shows! Jim Ross isn't really going to be taken off TV, turned into a door-to-door salesman, and made to report to Eric Bischoff! Sid Vicious isn't really coming back to WCW--as a member of the booking committee! And bombastic behavior, such as swearing and yelling at employees and wearing Zubaz pants, won't really be outlawed from the front office!"

By the time Dave got to the middle of the second page, I was sure he was going to hit me with, "None of what I just wrote about WCW is true! All of it is a work! None of it is a shoot! And, if some of you can't take a little joke," I could almost hear Dave scold, "w-e-l-l...then it's time some of you went to the b-e-a-c-h!!!"

As it turns out, of course, Dave never announced the above disclaimers (Ron Lemieux's hot little inaugural issue of Arena Ramblings then arrived, confirming all the above and more) and, when I checked with my own reliable sources at WCW, I discovered that most of what Dave (and Ron) reported was, indeed, true, and that there are even more incredulous changes and shake-ups in the offing.

WRESTLING'S 'CHILD OF THE CORN'

Dear Parents or Guardians of Jubie Jay Mullins,

Once again it is my sad duty to inform you that your 9½-year-old child-of-the-corn, Jubie Jay, has been suspended from school for the rest of the week because of a disgusting pro wrestling-related "Vocabulary-word-in-the-News Report" he presented to his 4th grade class here at Lucretia Mott Elementary School.

Jubie Jay's vocabulary word was "acromegaly." He was supposed to define it and use it correctly as part of a brief news story. Here is an audio tape-recording of what your little stink weed of a human told the class (and his teacher, whose glassy-eyed stare and nervous condition may never go away!)

Tape Recording of Jubie Jay's Report

Andre the Giant was born weighing over 500-pounds!

Needless to say Andre's mother had a very difficult delivery. Andre was so huge he had to wear small circus tents instead of diapers, which is probably why he enjoyed working in the WWF in his later years. Andre's parents had a rough time keeping Andre filled with goat's milk, mainly because after Andre drank the milk--if nobody was looking--he would eat the goats.

Andre began to grow. And grow. He got really big. He became a professional wrestler. A big professional wrestler. One night he drank 50 beers without getting a buzz and without moving from his bar stool. On the night he died of 'acromegaly', he set a personal record drinking 120 bottles of beer, again without moving from the bar stool, which means he eventually passed away after taking the longest beer-piss in human history.

Actually, Andre the Giant died on 1/27 of a broken heart, three days after the ROYAL RUMBLE, where he watched the WWF's "new" giant, the "Giant Gonzales", replace him, and take his (Andre's) big, patented, first opening step toward Undertaker in the middle of the ring. The thought of having to face Gonzales one day in a "Giant vs Giant on a Scaffold" match--with him (Andre) having to carry the match--was too much for Andre to bear. So, he drank about 12 gallons of beer to numb the pain and pissed himself to death.

Nevertheless, Andre the Giant...(sniff)...was one of my heros.

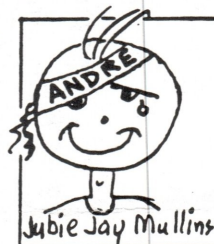
I'd like...I'd...like to...(sob)...thank Dave Stebbs/Montreal Gazette and...(gulp)...Mark Madden/Pittsburgh Post-Gazette for helping me with this story, and for giving me and not Dave Meltzer all the...(sniff, sob, gulp, snort!)...really good parts. Waaaa-a-a-a-a-a-a-a!!!

(End of tape recorded report.)

Once again, as Jubie Jay's principal, I urge you to closely monitor the television viewing habits of your wrestling obsessed child. News reports like the one he just presented are sick and, if I were you, after listening to his report, I'd take a big leather strap to Jubie's boney little bottom and forbid him from waking up Saturday mornings with Todd Pettengill of WWF MANIA!

Finally, it's beyond me why Jubie started bawling great big buckets of crocodile tears near the end of his report. I mean, really, a big cartoon character "dies" and Jubie Jay Mullins sheds a tear? A real tear? Ha! Gimmie a break. Sincerely...

Ms. Ida Fartzapon
Principal



H HEADSHRINKER PREPARES FOR
FEEDING...

...MORE GUIDELINES FOR COWBOY, DUSTY

③

Not only do new WCW dictums and directives call for Bill Watts and Dusty Rhodes to give up cussing and wearing jeans, sweat pants, and t-shirts around the office, Watts and Rhodes must also knock off or modify their churlish behavior as outlined in the following memo to each of them:

No more striking matches and lighting farts (when Sharon Sidello is in the room!).
No more referring to Greg Gagne's father as that "dumb bozo" (when Greg is in the room!).

No more yelling, "Hey, Piss off!" (when addressing Mr. Bischoff!)
No more saying, "Hey, where's your brothers Huey and Louie?" (when greeting Bob Dhue!).

No more shouting, "Pass the buck! Pass the buck!" during booking meetings (when you believe that Ron Simmons should be passed over for another title shot!).

No more dropping your pants and "mooning" Mrs. Turner (when she drops by with suggestions for Johnny B. Badd's decorative knee pads!).

No more sly winking at each other, rolling your eyes, grabbing your nuts, and sticking your index fingers down your throats pretending to gag (when Bill Shaw walks out of your offices after wondering aloud whether WCW is doing the right thing by going along with what he suspects are your plans to build the entire future of the company around a comeback by the two of you in a feud against your sons, where you take away from them all thirteen of WCW's titles and belts you seem to be preparing to give to them!) And finally,

No more faxing disgusting photos--before noon Eastern Time!--to Campbell-by-the-Sea with the words **(Observe).** **(This!)** printed on the spread-out and pimpled-cheeks of your bare and hairy butts!

HOGAN STUNS KIDS WITH... TRUTH!

COLLIERVILLE, TN -- SNS has learned that while visiting very sick children in Collierville Memorial Hospital, Hulk Hogan was begged by a group of bed-ridden youngsters to "promise" not to let the "bad men" hurt him in the ring.

Visually shaken by their request, Hogan got real close to the kids (which was difficult because most of them were hooked to kidney machines or medicine drip bottles) and in his husky low Hulk-voice, he told the children that wrestling was fake and that he could not really get hurt.

Hulk also went on to tell the children there was no Santa Claus, nor Easter Bunny, and that Doink the Clown is what most clowns are R-E-A-L-L-Y like. At this point the shocked little Hulksters started howling and ripping I.V.'s out of their arms while screaming, repeatedly, "I can't go on!"

Later, after calm was restored and after Hogan was kicked out of the hospital, the balding superstar remarked, "I lie to Arsenio on his show and I'm blasted. I'm truthful with a bunch of little kids in a hospital and I'm rejected. What's a big fella to do?" [Special thanks to SNS correspondent David Graw of Collierville, TN who filed most of this report--ed.]

CARPENTIER ALSO CLAIMS HE DISCOVERED 'GIANT GONZO'

MONTREAL, CANADA -- Retired French Canadian wrestling star Edouardo Carpentier, credited as being one of many who "discovered" Andre the Giant ("I could not budge zee large redwood tree, when outta zee woodz comez thees beeg smiling giant who leefts zee stump outta zee way like eets a tweeg!"), now claims that he (and not Jim Herd or Vince McMahon) discovered the "Giant Gonzales," ironically in much the same way as he "discovered" Andre the Giant, and, again ironically, that Andre even had something to do with his latest discovery.

According to the 67-year-old Carpentier, he was (by coincidence) driving past the French crematorium where "Hacksaw" Jim Duggan was "busy" solving the "problem" regarding Andre's "size," when suddenly one of Andre's large legs and buttocks rolled down the slope and blocked the road ("I could not budge eet myself," said Carpentier, "when outta zee woods comez thees beeg giant with clumps of hair all over heez body who leefts zee stump outta zee way like eets a tweeg!")

Carpentier says he immediately signed Gonzales to a personal contract and paid the big man a handsome bonus. Gonzales, who at the time was already working for Harvey Whippleman, says he didn't have the heart to tell the aging Carpentier the truth. Gonzales says he spent the "bonus" money on English lessons taught by Titan's linguistics coach, Mr. Fuji.

FAX SENT BEFORE 9:00 P.M. WWF RAW AIRED ON 2/15

Dear Unca Dave Meltzer, Editor, The Observer, Campbell-by-the-Sea, CA,

Hello Unca Dave! It's me! JubbieJayMullins! I know, I'm bad. I broke "the rule" and called and left a message before noon Eastern Time! But this is critical! We gotta dooooo something! And quick! Oh, I gotta slow down! Gotta slow down! Okokokokokokokay! Slow-i-n-g down! S-l-o-w-i-n-g down! There. Pant! Pant! All slowed down.

Unca Dave! This is terrible!

Brutus the Semi-Barber Who-use-to-be-a-Beefcake is making a comeback!!!

How can this beeeee?! Ever since the para-sailing "lights-out" head injury, even the slightest misplaced tap on his reconstructed noggin' could lead to cranial meltdown! After all, Beefer's got eight plates of steel in his head! He's got twenty-four-dozen metal screws in his jaws! His cheek-bones are being held together with a hundred feet of baling wire! An' after the last operation, someone left a staple gun inside his bucket of

④ iron-filings for brains!

We simply can't let Brutus Beefcake get in the ring again! Do you hear me, Unca Dave?! It'll be suicide! His entire head is a walking-talking Ace-is-the-place Hardware Store! Coach John Madden is inside Beefcake's head right now on "Aisle Two" looking for screw drivers! If Beefer gets just one good punch in the kisser, it'll be like a giant tool box exploding! If anyone gives him a drop-kick to the chops, it'll be like a torpedo hitting the bull's eye on Pearl Harbor Day! If Roddy Piper returns (in a bad mood!) and sticks Beefer's head into a microwave oven (or worse!), it'll be like an atomic bomb going off inside a pail filled with a million nuts and bolts!

And, choke, hock-phooey, glimpfh, arrrrgh! If someone gives poor, poor Bruti a pile-driver onto a metal folding chair, or onto the cement floor, or onto a Manhattan manhole cover...iiiiiiiii... "noopin' it" with Nuprin won't even come close to fixin' the headache he's gonna have!!!

If these things happen, Unca Dave, it'll be like the Batman beacon shining into the sky, a clarion call for...for...yes! Yes!! YES!!! Dare I mention the name, Unca Dave? H-U-L-K (Oh, my God! There goes my bladder! Pinch me! And if I'm dreaming don't awaken me!) H-O-G-A-N!

But what if Hulk doesn't come?!

What if Hulk isn't under contract? What if Mister McMahon offers the Hulkster a large bundle, but Hulk wants more and refuses to sign? And there is his "friend-to-the-end" Brutus Beefcake out there in the arena getting his paper clips scrambled? And they play the Hulkamusic, but Hulk no-shows? And all across the land, millions of little Hulkamaniacs like me are suddenly let down by the Hulk? Where was Hulk when his "brother" needed him? Where was Hulk Hogan when we all needed him?!

No, the question isn't "Is Hulk Hogan coming baaaaack for WRESTLEMANIA IX?" The question is "What will happen to Hulk Hogan's rep and image (and future merchandise and movie-deal marketability) in the minds and eyes of all of us little kids throughout the land if, when we need him most, if when his best pal is screaming for him, begging for him, weeping for him to come to his side, to our side, Hulk Hogan stays home in Florida eating crab cakes and playing with Flipper?!"

I don't know about you, Unca Dave, but if, God forbid, I ever became a Last Wish Kid, and Hulk Hogan doesn't show up to help Beefer, how do I know he'd ever show up to help me? What kind of role model-hero will Hulk Hogan be then? And why do I get the feeling that all of the above scenarios are going through (or have already gone through) Terry Boella's mind when Vince played it out for him real nice and clear a couple weeks ago? Ohhh, Unca Daaaaave! Big time professional wrestling politics is too much for me! You explain it. I'm going back to bed. (Don't call me, either, at least not 'til noon--Pacific Time!)

An' don't ever worry, Unca Dave! I am your perfect little WWF demographic friend-to-the-freakin'-end, no matter what! Kapeesh? Like glue, pal, I am stuck to you!

Jubie Jay ("Gotta Go Find My Red Bandana!") Mullins, age 9½,
Sushiland, CA

BEEFCAKE INJURED DURING SERVICES FOR ANDRE!

ELLERBE, N.C. -- Under circumstances ironically similar to when he sustained life and career threatening injuries 2½ years ago, after being struck square in the face while playing a dangerous shallow water game of "Catch the Snatch" (his timing was off when he jumped up and tried to bite the bottom of an oncoming female para-sailer!), Brutus Beefcake re-injured himself, this time during the memorial services for Andre the Giant.

Maybe it was because the job of cremating Andre was so poorly done, or maybe it was because Andre drank so much beer (as reported in the 2/8 Observer) that cremating his massive, sud-sogged body was like trying to burn green firewood, but when honorary pall bearer Percy Pringle lifted the big lid off the really huge urn and dumped Andre's ashes from the helicopter hovering over the heads of mourners on Andre's 200-acre farm, something went grievously wrong.

According to one eye-witness, "The ashes didn't scatter! Instead, they remained stuck together--like a bowling ball!--plummeting toward earth and the upturned face of Brutus Beefcake who (you think he would have learned his lesson!) was boasting that he would win the usually safe game played mostly by bored children at memorial services, a game called 'Catch the Ashes.' He won alright!"

According to another mourner and fellow Sushibandito Jeff Levin of Virginia Beach, VA, "Beefer's already mangled and heavily metalized face looked pretty bad, sort of like a gigantic wad of chewing tobacco embedded in a jagged ball of melted copper...with blue eyes peeking out!"



Jeff Mullins, Editor
Son of Pro Wrestling Sushi
P.O. Box 36189
San Jose, CA 95158

January, 30, 1993

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Vince McMahon
Titan Sports
P.O. Box 3857
Stamford, CT 06095

LETTER TO VINCE

Dear Vince McMahon,

Over the years, we here in Sushiland near Campbell-by-the-Sea, have stayed awake nights prior to our own newsletter deadlines thinking of fiendishly diabolical, wrestling-flavored, and different ways to ridicule, defile, and vivisection you and the WWF. In fact we have probably sliced and diced you in more ways than Bobby "The Brain" Heenan has worked laughs out of smelly old socks for jokes. And while we honestly feel you deserve all of this satirical abuse (for reasons which we will not go into now, but which are faithfully, regularly, and endlessly covered in some other wrestling newsletters, whose editors are true beacons of journalistic integrity!), we also believe you and your company should be commended and praised for donating \$100,000 or more to the Red Cross Somali relief effort through your "Headlock on Hunger" MSG card on 1/29 and other projects you are planning.

No matter what other angle you might be working on (under the umbrella of this campaign, as if doing so would be a sin!) and, no matter what anyone else might say (that what you are doing is nothing more than a "smart" business or public relations move, as if that in and of itself is a crime worthy of public stoning!), the fact remains, a bunch of innocent little children in our world today (namely a lot of little black kids in east Africa) who would surely die of starvation or disease, will eat a little better tomorrow and will get some medical attention which they would not have received had it not been for the efforts of Titan Sports and you.

On behalf of Son of Pro Wrestling Sushi and the underground hardcore readers who subscribe to this sheet (because they love wrestling humor and because, down deep, they really do love the WWF despite some of the dastardly, obnoxious, and incomprehensible things that some editors say about the WWF!), a check which represents the amount sent to us for the first one hundred copies of issue #4 of our own fishy little pro wrestling sheet has been sent to "WWF Headlock on Hunger," c/o the American Red Cross, P.O. Box 37243, Washington, D.C., 20013.

I know the above amount is small, and that it is \$99,900 less than that big, three-foot by six-foot "check" Bret "Hitman" Hart held up for the TV cameras, but remember, please, we are not a sports entertainment giant like yourself (nor are we one of those sports entertainment wrestling newsletter empires whose publishers have probably already sent the Red Cross their own big, fat, juicy checks for hundreds of dollars representing what they receive in just one day...for slicing and dicing the WWF each week!)

In our minds, because of your company's generous Somali relief efforts, the WWF logo (instead of standing for the "World Wrestling Federation") on this day, anyway, stands for Titan Sports being one of the...(entrance music, please!)..."World's Wonderful Friends!"

I'd like to take credit for the above slogan, Vince, but actually it comes from one of your devout demographic warriors, my 9½ year-old nephew, Jubie Jay Mullins, who, as you can imagine, has learned more about life from watching WWF SUSPERSTARS (and more recently, from waking up Saturday mornings with Todd Pettengill on WWF MANIA!) than he ever learned in Kindergarten thru fourth grade at Lucretia Mott Elementary School located here in our neighborhood.

Tomorrow, of course (like the way Jack Tunney allows Samoan wrestlers to unmercifully "banana" hapless, innocent jobbers, as might be pointed out by DETROIT NEWS columnist M.L. Curry!), we'll be getting back to the serious business of potatoing your butts, too. But, until then, we here in Sushiland near Campbell-by-the-Sea, call for a one day truce in order to salute you and your staff for a job well done in helping to relieve the hungry, sick, and strife-torn people of Somalia.

(Just curious, Vince? Was that big check a "real" check which starving Somalis could cash at the bank? Or was it a giant-sized coupon redeemable for several thousand cases of ICOPRO at the local Somali GNC outlet? Some people are wondering? Please advise.)

Rasslin' Regards,

Jeff Mullins, Ed.

JEFF MULLINS

⑥

ANOTHER LOCKER ROOM PAY-OFF!

Man makes a promise. Man breaks the promise. It happens all too often in real life, so why not in pro wrestling? If we believe what we hear and read about Vince McMahon, then surely he has turned making and breaking promises into an art form. And if those are the facts (and if what Nailz charges is true), one then wonders what "really" took place during the locker room payoff following the MSG "Headlock on Hunger" show on 1/29.

"Ha-ha-ha!"

"Yes?"

"That was funny, Mr. McMahon. It was really funny!"

"What was funny?"

"The way you, Todd Pettengill, Gene Okerlund, Mike McGurk, Howard Finkle, Bobby Heenan, J.J. Dillon, Pat Patterson, the sorta-toilet humor man from MONDAY NIGHT RAW, whatshisname, Rob Bartlett, and those nutty Samoan fellows clobbered me out there in front of all those people with that big, fake, 3-foot by 6-foot facsimile check for \$100,000 that Hitman Hart brought to the ring! My head still hurts, but it was funny. And it was for a good cause."

"Yes, it was rather funny. So, what?"

"Well...where is it?"

"Where's what?"

"The real money? The real check for \$100,000 for the American Red Cross Somali relief fund? The pay-off?"

"You just got it!"

"What?"

"You heard me. Say, shouldn't you be getting back to Somalia?"

"You mean the angle out there in the ring? In front of that big MSG crowd? That was all there is to the WWF 'Headlock on Hunger'!"

"Yup!"

"That's it? Smashing me over the head with an embossed quarter-inch sheet of plywood and then pummeling me with grocery bags filled with canned foods, dry goods, ICOPRO six-packs, bananas, and raw fish is the actual Somali Relief Fund pay-off?"

"My, arn't you a fast learner. By the way, nice bump you took out here in front of all those people. Those bandages should come off in about two weeks."

"How...how could you do this, McMahon? How could you be so cruel, so heartless as to work an angle on starving Somalians?"

"Hey, this is pro wrestling, not the chamber of commerce. I'm Vince McMahon-as-portrayed-weekly-in-the-Observer, not Sally Struthers! I'm a way below-the-bottom-line kind of guy as depicted regularly in the Torch. Do I look like Mother Teresa? Like L.L., the Yellow Bellied Chi-town Niggard from Butthold, I'm no Sir Lancelot! My name is McMahon...not Ron Lemieux! Now get out of my face!"

"I'm not leaving this locker room without a hundred-thousand clams for the Red Cross and the Somalis, McMahon!"

"Oh!? You want a hundred-thousand clams!?"

"At once!"

"You asked for it! Close your eyes and I'll give you clams! Some big...snapping clams!"

"Uh? Hey! What are you doing, McMahon? What are you reaching for!?"

"Ha-ha-haaa!"

"Hey! Get away from me! Get a wa-a-a-a-a...!"

... C-R-U-N-C-H !!!

[And so ends yet another tale of yet another believe-it-or-not WWF locker room pay-off. First Nailz, then the Red Cross ambassador to Samolia. Where o' where will it all end? And who will be next to receive the dreaded...WWF locker roooooooom pay-off?--ed.]

NEW WWF MANIA HOST TODD PETTINGZOO
IS GIVEN HIS MANDATORY WWF TV COSTUME...

potshot
4/1/96



BUT GUYS, THESE BOXER SHORTS DON'T HAVE A FLY, AN, ERR, OPENING IN THE FRONT...

DON'T WORRY, PAL, THERE'S AN OPENING IN THE BACK...

ELIZABETH UPDATE

My friend, the wrestling mavin, had dinner last week with a former ringboy for the WWF. The mavin treated and in return was told the following story:

When the lovely Elizabeth was active in the WWF her sexual appetites became legendary. After she left Macho Man to move in with Hulk Hogan, the Hulkster insisted on a monogamous relationship. Elizabeth agreed...but she had her legs crossed.

One day, when the Hulkster came home, he caught Liz and the Haiti Kid together in the kitchen's small broom closet and assumed the worst. The Kid, whom most of you know is a midget wrestler, beat a hasty retreat while Hogan upbraided Elizabeth and threatened to throw her out of his house.

Liz stoutly denied any impropriety and Hulk agreed to let Vince McMahon arbitrate the dispute.

"There's not enough room in that closet to lie down," said Vince, "and I think Liz is so much taller than the Kid that they could not have done it standing up."

"There was a bucket in the closet," responded the Hulkster. "I bet the little b--tard stood on the bucket!"

Vince sent someone to fetch the bucket and, placing it next to Elizabeth, forced the Kid to stand on it. "No way," said McMahon. "He's still too short by a good half foot. He couldn't have done it."

Hogan accepted the decision and took Elizabeth back. Later, Liz told her true love, Ric Flair, that she and the Kid had indeed been intimate. "It was the damndest coitus I ever had," she told Ric.

"How did he reach you?" Ric inquired.

"The little son-of-a-gun put the bucket over my head," she said with a laugh. "And he hung onto the handle like a woodpecker!"

Howard Bloch
Fairfax, VA

IT'S HOWDY DOINKY TIME!

When Doink the Clown battles Bob Backlund, it just makes us wonder what happened to Buffalo Bob? And what made Clarabell, uh, Doink, want to cream Howdy Doody like that? As mean and nasty as Doink is, he may just leave Howdy in even more pieces than the vandals did that crushed him at the Smithsonian. Maybe after he beats Backlund, Doink can tear into the "King" (from Mr. Roger's Neighborhood!) We remain, your's truly, the Dudes with Shiite Attitudes. (Kumph mukhala kamal klutch, hock-pitooey!)

Bobby Yates & Darrel Dickens
Randleman/Asheboro, N.C.

TOD MUCH WRESTLING DIMMED HIS LIGHTS

Son of Sushi? Jeff Mullins? Sounds like a person or something from the past. Perhaps I should send some envelopes and money so you'll continue mailing me your paper, until I can remember who and what these things were. Thanks whoever you are.

Steve Yohe
Alhambra, CA

BEACH BLANKET BABYLON

Whazzup? I'm tooling my way down to the beach, thanks to Dave "Get a life, ya losers!" Meltzer's advice in the 1/20 Observer. I know I won't be alone. At least there will be plenty of beer.

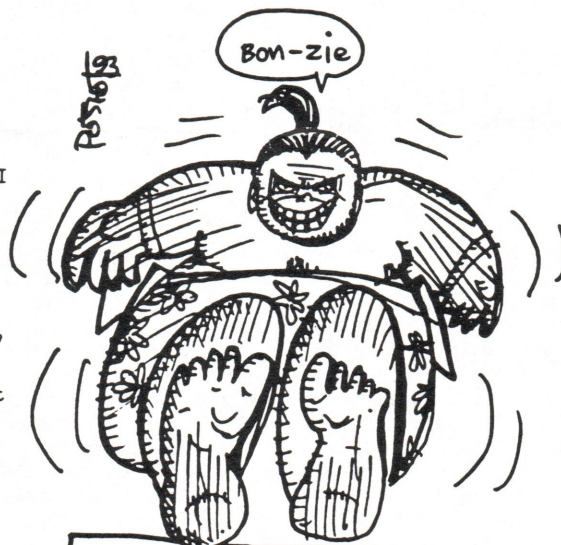
Wade Ratliff
Blanchard, OK

SO MANY FEET-- SO LITTLE TIME!

Dear editor... The following letter (meant for you) was apparently mailed to my medical offices by mistake:

"This is a get well card and a question. In Son of #3, did Doink 'Meltzer' the Clown strike Jubie Jay below the patella (knee) with the 'arm'? If the answer is in the affirmative may I offer my tender ministrations to the lad? Thank you. M. Fillups. (Part time independent contractor WWF(ex) but definitely never ever a longstanding full time employee.)"

R. Seigel, MD
Hewlette Harbor, NY



PO XOKOZUMA AS SEEN
BY A JOBBER JUST BEFORE
THE THREE-COUNT!

* MISPRONUNCIATION
COURTESY MR. FUJI.

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MIFFED AT MELTZER, KELLER + MULLINS

First it was Dave Meltzer editing my comments about Doug Furnas's huge legs from steroid use, which made it look like I was a bone-smuggler voyeur. Then Wade Keller deletes my comments in a ring report where I said, "The only major injury suffered was a severe butt abrasion by Meltzer as he was surrounded by ass kissing marks." Then I sent you a letter and you deleted the part containing my major scientific study, and put a wrestling "spin" on my Somali story, flattening the joke's punchline (in Son of #3).

Where's my 1st amendment? And just wait until Stern starts broadcasting in NoCal soon! [Jeez, Bob, your "study" was about Australian surfing bars and the local men who were awed by the fact that American women perform oral sex, and that these poor deprived Aussies treated you like some sort of all-knowing God when you were there, because of your experience and stories regarding this matter. Your study had nothing to do with pro wrestling. This is a wrestling sheet, dammit! A serious wrestling sheet! Not a sheet wherein we detail the enviably remarkable and fortunate sex lives of lucky, jet-flying, limo riding, Japanese tape trading SOB's from Southern California who get much, much, much, much more than their fair share of...well, you get my drift.--JM]

Bob Barnett
Santa Monica, CA

JUST FUNNY VS. WRESTLING FUNNY?

[Ed. Note: The following letter (which says nothing about pro wrestling) is submitted by a SoCal man who 1) gets more than his fair share of "Let's play popsicle!" 2) is immortalized by a bronze statue erected outside a North Australian surfing bar by local men who recall his vivid tales of America, and 3) is very touchy about his letters being edited. Because this is a wrestling sheet, however, some words have been added to his letter to give the items a wrestling "spin," since his comments have nothing to do with wrestling. Most of the added words appear within parentheses. While in and of themselves the jokes are disgustingly funny, I'm sure you'll all agree, now they are disgustingly "wrestling" funny!--ed.]

Ben Vereen's next movie? "Boys on the Hood (of Eddie Gilbert's car!)."

Oprah goes to the (pro wrestling) gynecologist. He tells her to take off her clothes and get on all fours (like Moon Dog Spot). Then he says, "Crawl over by the window. Move over to that wall. Now crawl over to that other window." Finally he says, "Ok, you can put on your clothes and leave."

"But what about my exam?" asks a puzzled Oprah.

"Forget it," the (grap) gynecologist replies (doing his voice like Vince McMahon.) "Now I know where to put the couch!"

Bob Barnett
Santa Monica, CA

[Dear Mister "F--- your 1st Amendment rights!" Barnett... As the chief censor and Human Rights watchdog here at the Sushiland (we're not a publishing empire!) offices, I (not the U.S. Constitution which regulates some sheets) determine what to edit and what to delete in this newsletter, and let me tell you, buster! I'm going to protect this newsletter's readers from the kind of smarmy, non-wrestling related filth you contribute--although, to be honest, I can't see why Meltzer and Keller blue-penciled your "Furnas" and "ass kissing" remarks, since they were wrestling related? Puzzled, like Oprah, I am still Jubie Jay's mom--Attila the Hun!]

PUCKER BURPS + STRETCH MARKS!

Ah, Mullins, you can't fool me. Chris Qualmann used that line ("You oughta f--- her, Mullins") in Son of #3. He uses it with me all the time. Usually when we hit a fast food establishment like Ambrosia, The Playhouse, or M.V. and some sultan of female is hanging all over me, he'll say, "You should have f---ed her, Ron." Of course he uses "could have" because he respects my clean wholesome image as a family man.

Man, how I envied three of my good buddies getting together (you, Chris & Scott Dickenson) and me not being able to join you in San Jose for the Wiff taping. Loved the rest of the issue, too. Son's letters section was like reading a Who's Who of "AR" readers. The letter from WWF's Rob Bartlett was a howl, although to be honest with you, I think he ruins MNR.

[Ron, since you are semi-retired now and "enjoying it", you don't have to suck-up to Meltzer any more (by agreeing with him about MONDAY NIGHT RAW's third man!) Hey, Jubie Jay, Riki-Jack and I are the ones who've still got to suck-up to him, if you know what I mean. (Or do we?) Okay! Okay! I know, you don't like Bartlett simply because you are a wus! See, I don't have to suck-up to you any more, either, seeing as how you are semi-retired and all... So, I hear that you, Qualmann, and my old pal Tony Aragona did Tampa for a Wiff show and that they probably dragged you with them to M.V. (Mons Venus) afterwards for a late night "snack!" Are you going to tell us about this adventure in your 1-page Arena Ramblings retirement community newsletter? (Hey! Don't forget, I sent an SASE to you at P.O. Box 952547, Lake Mary, FL 32795-2547 for a free copy like you promised anyone who wanted one!) Or are you going to wus out and tell us that naked mondo-stripper babes (hanging all over you while you and the Florida Boys are trying to talk graps) is annoying?! To be honest, I don't see how your wonderful and pregnant (again!) wife Cheryl puts up with you. Just remember, the Haiti Kid is still out there...with his bucket!

P.S. Ron, how come, since you and Meltzer are (were?) such good friends, with him always thanking you so profusely for information in the Observer, he only gave you and AR a 1½ line obituary in his 2/8 issue after you folded, when he gave Andre The Giant a full 5½ pages?! I would have thought Dave would at least say how much he appreciated over the years your contribution to his own grap sheet, or recognized how Arena Report (like Andre) was an important aspect of the subculture, or maybe even re-plugged those extra copies of your terrific yearbook you are still selling for \$9. I know that you and Andre are both French (and there's probably something in the U.S. Constitution that prevents Dave from giving too much ink to two Frenchmen in the same issue), but I'd be surprised if Andre provided Dave with as much info as you did,

since I never saw Dave thanking Andre like he did you (and guys like Dr. Luche Simms.) Jeez, Ron, years and years of suck-up and sending match reports and other hot tips to Campbell-by-the-Sea and nothing to show for it from Dave, except 1½ lines of oatmeal (and pucker burns and stretch marks on your lips?) Oh, well, maybe when you die, you'll get 3-lines!!! Hey, is this Suck-up or Suicide? Or simply telling it like it is? Sushistyle! Uncooked! Uncut! Unbelievable! Raw! Ron. Ron? Hello? Is this sheet on edge (like that great Stinger interview on 2/6 after Barry hung him and Sting got even) or what?--ed.]

Ron Lemieux
Lake Mary, FL

SIDE STREAMS + ALTERNATE ROUTES

Highways and byways. The road well traveled vs. the route less traversed. Busy freeways vs. paths less taken. Kinda like the Observer and Torch vs. whatever else is left out there in the weeds and crevasses of the disintegrating pro wrestling underground, amidst the diminishing myriad of sheets which once fed the voracious hunger that is now satiated or which has fallen victim to the law of diminishing returns.

Somewhere in their programming (within the womb, as children, as bored young adults, or as change-of-lifers), Jeff Cohen, Evan Ginzburg, Paul Dizadji, Paul MacArthur & David Skolnick were infected with the virus of rebellion. Not content to copy, or mirror, or take the well beaten trail, they set out on their own, down hardly trampled lanes to create pro wrestling newsletters which are anything but newsletters, and are instead subcultural-expressionistic works of literary art.

Quick, before they vanish...

Fantasy Federation (\$3/3), bimonthly, Jeff Cohen, 50 Shelley Lane, Great Neck, NY 11023 for matches made in Heaven or Hell but not in your local arenas.

Wrestling Then & Now (\$1.25), monthly, Evan Ginzburg, P.O. Box 471, Oakland Gdns. Station, Flushing, NY 11364 for wrestlings only nostalgia & history sheet.

Heavily Papered: write Paul Dizadji at new address (P.O. Box 1945, Bridgeview, IL 60455) for new rates and new audio cassette/printed sheets format & mondo-nuke'em rasslin fare.

Wrestling Perspective (\$1.25), monthly, Paul MacArthur & David Skolnick, P.O. Box 401, Camillus, NY 13031 for a bite of wrestling's intellectual underbelly & probing interviews.



ANOTHER 'EVIL TWIN' BROTHER!

CAMPBELL-BY-THE-SEA, CA -- Sushi News Service has learned that professional wrestling newsletter editor David Meltzer has an evil twin brother who helps him publish the Wrestling Observer.

Doink Meltzer, who is in charge of committing unspeakable acts of terrorism and revenge against real or imagined enemies of the Observer, wears face paint and a clown costume while carrying out his duties (which may explain a strange incident reported on pg. 2 in Son of Pro Wrestling Sushi#3).

"I am not responsible for Doink's actions," explained David Meltzer. "Doink is half owner of the Observer and he calls his own shots. For example, all those cruel and heartless comments about Kerry Von Erich in the 2/1 issue. I did not write them. I personally think it is kaka-water-humor to make brutal jokes like that about another human being's tragic personal shortcomings, especially when that drug-crazed person has lost a foot, three brothers, his mind and his way home seventeen times before the age of thirty-three.

"My brother Doink wrote those nasty things about poor Kerry, not me! Doink picks on people like Kerry because they really can't strike back. Me? I am an affable, generous, simple-kind-of-guy who does not have a mean-spirited bone in his body. I never play games. Never! Like Wade Keller of Pro Wrestling Torch, I brim with integrity! Doink, on the other hand, is a two-faced, petty, paranoid, grudge-driven brother, a veritable pimple on the Yokozuna-butt of life!

"So, please, do not accuse me of playing politics when plugs for your tapes, conventions, or newsletters don't run on the Observer's READERS' PAGES. Don't blame me for not printing your letters-to-the-editor even if they are timely, well-written, and could actually brighten up my pages. And if you disagree with, satirize, or poke fun at me or my brother, don't blame me if your copies of the Observer start arriving late, real late, like after the boat mail arrives late for subscribers in Japan. It's Doink who is messing with you, not me!"

[Ed. Note: When SNS phoned and asked Dave Meltzer if we could speak face-to-face with his evil twin brother Doink, Dave said, "Doink not in. Doink uhhh...Doink ummm...Doink...in...Japan! Yes, twin brother Doink in Japan! He there on newsletter business to, ahhh, attend a few cards...and...and...to, uh, get photos of correct way to spell Shenanumake, in order to prove the Atlanta Boys are kaka-water-humorists who can't spell! Yes, Doink in Japan. You can't see him today so goodbye! Uh, you're not going to write letter to John Tesh or Mary Hart at ET, are you? Better not. Doink won't like it. Doink'll get mad. Real mad. Doink'll cancel your subscription to the Observer! Doink can be real piss ant and sh--head when he's p.o.'d! Doink won't plug your newsletter, either. Come to think of it, Doink hasn't plugged your newsletter since you made big Hogan-like comeback. HA-HA-HA! Oops. Sorry, that was Doink laughing, not me. Doink laughs long distance, through me! Doink in Japan! Doink bad brudder. Me good brudder. Whooo-hoo! Whooo-hoo!" P.S. Dave? Was that you or Doink we just talked to? Something about the speech pattern that makes me a bit suspicious. Oh, here's a check for a sub renewal to your sheet. Wouldn't want the old sub to run out, would we? Sorry to hear that you, too, have a twin brother. It can be difficult at times.--ed.]

WHO'S THE REAL HEEL HERE? JANNETTY, STEVENS, OR...?

From what I've heard and read about the situation regarding Marty Jannetty's inability to wrestle well (during the ROYAL RUMBLE on 1/24), or at all (against Shawn Michaels at the San Jose tapings on 1/25), Ray Stevens did the right thing for himself, for his employer, and for Marty Jannetty when he reported Jannetty's "buzzed" condition to Titan's brass. If Stevens were to have lied or otherwise covered for Jannetty, or if he would have kept mum, he would have been excusing Jannetty's behavior over the importance of the program Titan had been developing between Jannetty and Michaels. He would have been enabling Jannetty to screw-up again, and again, without allowing Jannetty to have yet another chance to learn one of the important lessons of life, that when your company gives you more than one chance to shape-up, you are obligated to do everything within your power not to let the company down a second or third time.

Ironically, when Ray Stevens was younger, this is a lesson Ray learned himself, the hard way, when he was working for Roy Shires in the San Francisco Bay Area. Stevens loved horses, rodeo life, and motorcycles. When he broke his leg doing one of them, missing cards and losing money for Shires (and everyone else, since he was the "show"), Shires gave him a simple warning. "If you want to continue to wrestle as my top draw, don't get hurt again doing horses, rodeos, or motorcycles." Stevens listened, but that was all.

At the peak of a major program with Pat Patterson, one that was packing the Cow Palace every month, Stevens received a serious head injury from a motorcycle accident (or maybe a horse kicked him, it was quite a while ago when he and I talked about it over coffee in Jack London Square in Oakland when I was researching an article for the old WRESTLING REVIEW.) His head ballooned to twice its normal size and he couldn't wrestle for months. After being put through a humiliating "belt stripping" that appeared to be more shoot than work, Shires sent Stevens packing and kept him out of the territory (and out of the big money) until Ray proved his worthiness and maturity to not let the company down again by risking life and limb (and the company's profit structure) with his dangerous hobbies. As far as I can recall, Stevens had learned his lesson and when Shires folded, it was not because his star had let him down again.

Apparently, Jannetty has a serious substance abuse problem. He needs to deal with it and get his head on straight, and if he doesn't, he needs to face the consequences and not be enabled. How many chances should a guy get before he ruins more than a program and a career? I like Marty Jannetty. He was always the perfect tag partner with Shawn Michaels, and as a face against Shawn's heel, the magic, I thought, was pretty good. From what I understand, Ray Stevens (one of the legit, all time, major legends in this sport) had been working a lot with the pair. Were I Stevens, and if Jannetty was performing like crap, or was unable to get his butt up to wrestle when the call came, because he couldn't handle his substance (ab)use, I'd be a tad upset about it, too. And, to be honest, if what's been reported is accurate, I'm surprised Stevens didn't kick Marty's butt into nearby S.F. Bay.

Jannetty may not realize this now, but in the long run, if he has any career left in him, he may have Stevens to thank for it. Maybe now Jannetty will get the help he needs and will take the business of shouldering responsibility and growing up more seriously. As for some of the other WWF wrestlers being upset with Stevens for not sheltering Jannetty behind the proverbial apron strings ("like a good old former wrestling boy should!"), why do I hear the shrill ignorance of youth or the sour heart of politics rearing their heads here, and why do I feel that most of these crybabies could not carry Ray Stevens' gym bag across the street without stubbing their toes?

I'd also like to read in the weekly Observer if there were some other wrestlers who felt Jannetty got what he deserved when he got fired, instead of just reading the point of view which makes Stevens look like the big heel in all this, a point of view that shifts the issue away from the fact that Jannetty has blown it big time, once again, and that it is Marty Jannetty (not Ray Stevens) who has wronged himself and has let other people down.--Jeff Mullins, ed.

SQUARED CIRCLE SQUID: Hello, everyone! Just when things were warming up, it's time to wrap it up. With all that's going on lately, this issue seemed to write itself. With regards to Andre the Giant, I hope there really is a Heaven up there and that St. Peter let him in, because here on Earth the poor guy was in so much pain, and you've just got to believe he's smiling and laughing now and enjoying a "few" in the company of a lot of other legends and regulars who were waiting for him to arrive with fresh news and gossip. I hope he doesn't mind too much what we did to his wrestling "character" in this issue, since most of it probably wasn't much worse than what most promoters did to it when the man behind the character was still alive... As for all the comic heat, and then some, on Dave Meltzer in this issue, well, like I said, this issue sort of wrote itself. Whereas Dave's piece on Andre was excellent, the way Jannetty's firing was "spin-doctored" into a shoot on Ray Stevens makes me wonder about other things, like where Dave's coming from lately: the cryptic Anniversary "letter", not one word of praise for Titan's MSG benefit, (and whether there is more truth than fiction to the "Doink" side.)

Got of flood of letters that could not make it into in this issue. Will try to run the ones which are still timely when the 5th version of this little orca killer returns, yeah, when you least expect it! Your ordering up to 4 issues only, by sending 1-SASE w/\$1 in cash for each issue you want is working great on this end, and I'm enjoying your personal notes. The red squiggles on your envelope are the number of follicles that will be left in Tatanka's scalp when he loses the obvious "hair" match vs Shawn Michaels at WM-IX. Well, excuse me, Sushicabinet members. Gotta slip into some Zubaz and go yell at Jubie Jay before the "Watts-Rhodes" rule is put into effect around here, too. JUBIEEEEE!!!